



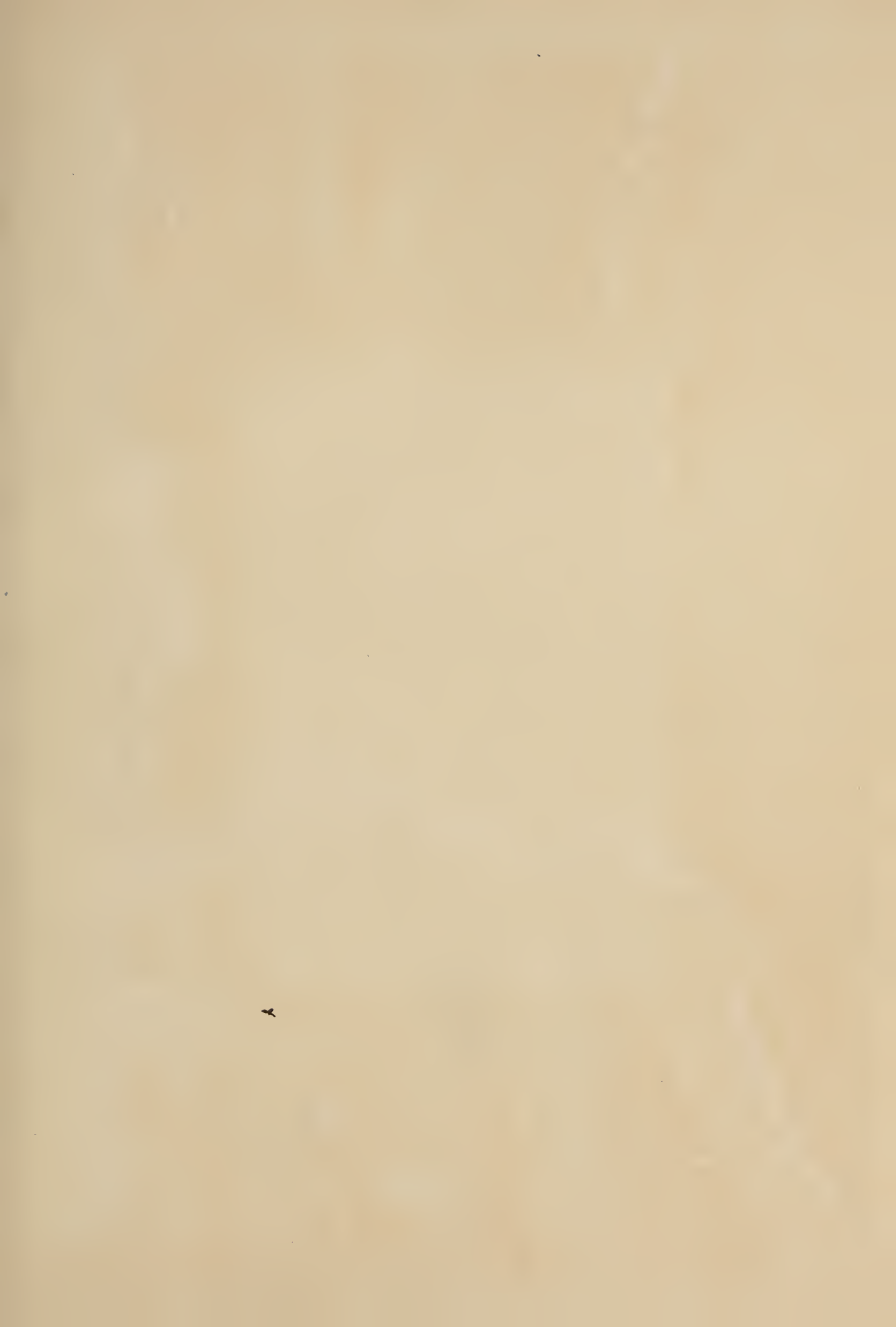


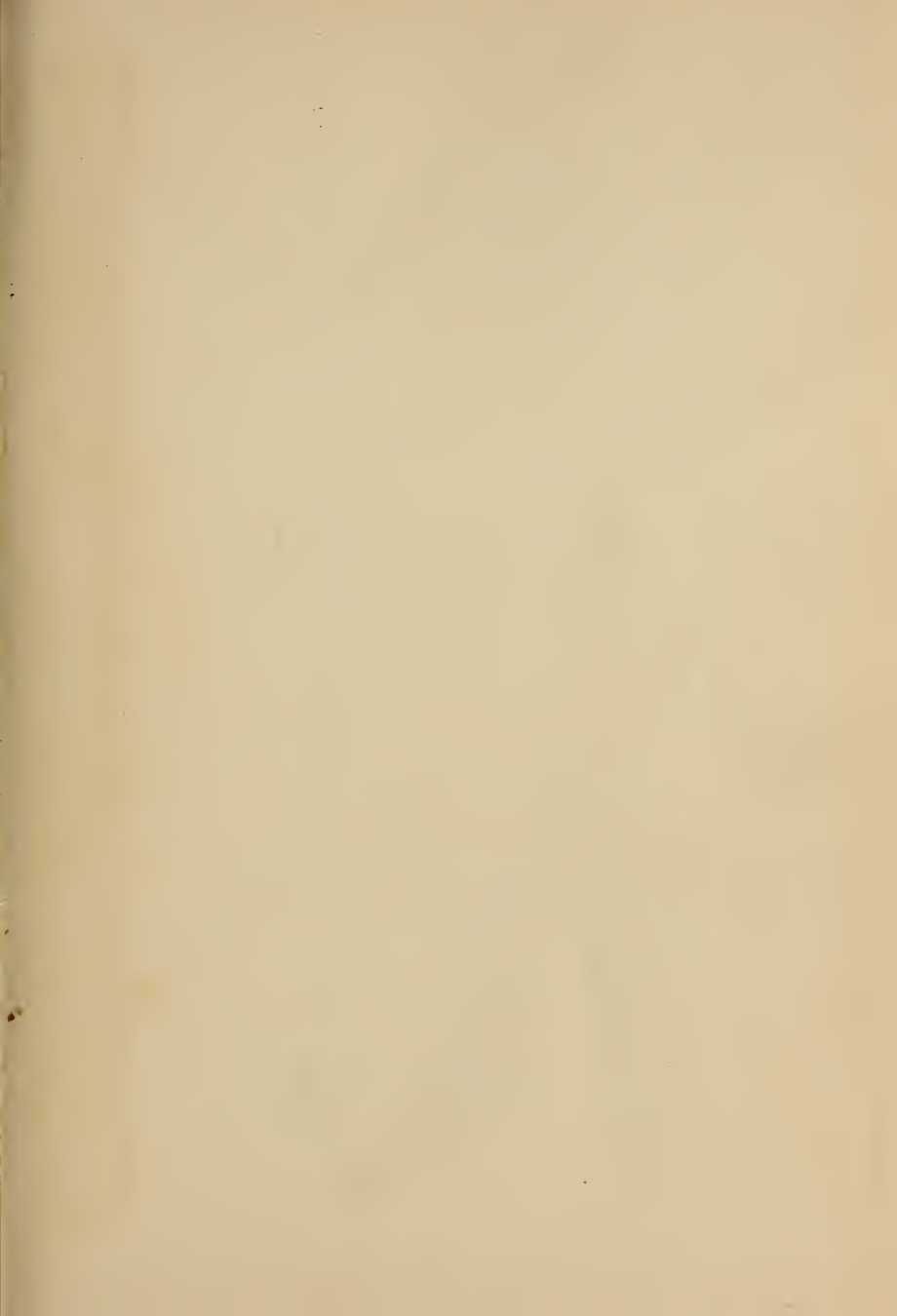
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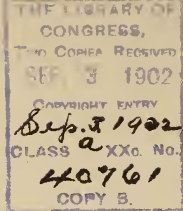
For Every Day

A COMPILATION
OF BEAUTIFUL
THOUGHTS FOR
MY FRIEND

New York
Dodge Publishing Company
40 West 13th Street

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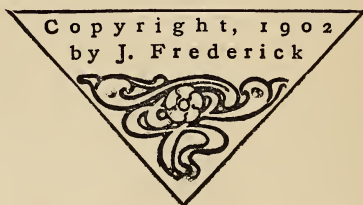
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To My Friend:

I would flood your path with sunshine; I
would fence you from all ill;
I would crown you with all blessings, if I
could but have my will;
Aye! but human love may err, dear, and a
power all wise is near;
So I only pray, God bless you, and God keep
you through the year.





JUST to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability,—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.

—*Edward Howard Griggs.*





HAVE never had a policy. I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day, as each day came.

—*Lincoln.*

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others. —*Henry Drummond.*

The grand essentials of happiness are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. —*Chalmers.*

Let us be content, in work, to do the thing we CAN and not presume to fret because it's little. —*E. B. Browning.*

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known. —*Ruskin.*

Our friends see the best in us, and by that very fact call forth the best from us. —*Black.*

Aggressive fighting for the right is the greatest sport the world knows.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Never hunt trouble. However dead a shot one may be, the gun he carries on such expeditions is sure to kick, or go off half-cocked.

—*Artemus Ward.*

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

—*Lincoln.*

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

—*Lowell.*

Honest men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partakes of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction; add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us. —*Pilpay.*

The making of friends, who are real friends, is the best token we have of a man's success in life. *Edward Everett Hale.*

Wanting to have a friend is altogether different from wanting to be a friend. The former is a mere natural human craving, the latter is the life of Christ in the soul.

—*J. R. Miller.*

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendships in constant repair.

—*Dr. Johnson.*

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place, as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. —*Ruskin.*



BETTER to work and fail
than to sleep one's life
away.

— J. K. Jerome.

I was walking in the street . . . a beggar stopped me,—a frail old man.

His inflamed, tearful eyes, blue lips, rough rags, disgusting sores . . . oh, how horribly poverty had disfigured the unhappy creature!

He stretched out to me his red, swollen, filthy hand . . . he groaned and whimpered for alms.

I felt in all my pockets . . . no purse, watch, or handkerchief did I find. I had left them all at home.

The beggar waited . . . and his outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly.


Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it . . . "Don't be vexed with me, brother; I have nothing with me, brother."

The beggar raised his bloodshot eyes to mine; his blue lips smiled, and he returned the pressure of my chilled fingers.

"Never mind, brother," stammered he; "thank you for this—this, too, was a gift, brother."

I felt that I, too, had received a gift from my brother.

—*Ivan Tourgueneff.*

 SHALL pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

—*A. B. Hegeman.*

Good taste is essentially a moral quality. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the only morality. The first, last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, “What do you like?”—and the entire object of true education is to make people not merely do right things, but enjoy the right things. What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

—*Ruskin.*

It is not required of every man and woman to be or to do something great ; most of us must content ourselves with taking small parts in the chorus, as far as possible without discord. —*Henry Van Dyke.*

It is better to go down on the great seas which human hearts were made to sail than to rot at the wharves in ignoble anchorage. —*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. —*Shakespeare.*

The most fortunate men and women are those who have worthy work to do and who do it because they love it. —*G. Batchelor.*

Free men freely work. Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease. —*E. B. Browning.*

New occasions teach new duties.

—*Lowell.*

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day :
Pay it.

Circumstances are the rulers of the
weak ; they are but the instruments of the
wise.

—*Samuel Lover.*

Think of living! Thy life, wert thou the
pitifullest of all the sons of earth, is no idle
dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own.
It is all thou hast to front eternity with.
Work then, even as He has done, and does,
like a star, unhasting yet unresting.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

No pain, no palm ; no thorns, no throne ;
no gall, no glory ; no cross, no crown.

—*William Penn.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. —*Shakespeare.*

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it ;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one—
His hundred's soon hit ;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That has the world here—should he need the
next,
Let the world mind him !
This throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.
—*Robert Browning.*

So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may grow old.
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best, or it had not been, I hold.
—*P. Carey.*

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the wrong go right,
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God
 appoints. *Jean Ingelow.*

We need, each and all, to be needed,
To feel we have something to give
Towards soothing the moan of earth's hunger
And we know that then only we live
When we feed one another as we have been
 fed,
From the hand that gives body and spirit
 their bread. *—Lucy Larcom.*

Reputation is what men and women think of us ; character is what God and the angels know of us. —*Thomas Paine.*

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient. —*George Eliot.*

A waistcoat of broadcloth or of fustian is alike to an aching heart, and we laugh no merrier on velvet cushions than we did on wooden chairs. —*J. K. Jerome.*

The nature which is all wood and straw is of no use ; if we are to do well, we must have some iron in us. —*Canon Farrar.*

Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived ;
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived.

Swift kindnesses are best ; a long delay
in kindness takes the kindness all away.

It is not how great a thing we do, but
how well we do the things we have to do,
that puts us in the noble brotherhood of
artists.

Only the new days are our own ;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Seize what you can ; the times are hard ; one
needs
To snatch enjoyment nimbly while it passes.
—*Schiller.*

We sleep, but the loom of life never
stops ; and the pattern which was weaving
when the sun went down is weaving when
it comes up to-morrow. —*Beecher.*

Go, put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

—*Emerson.*

Disappointment, ailment, or even weather depresses us; and our look or tone of depression hinders others from maintaining a cheerful and thankful spirit. We say an unkind thing, and another is hindered in learning the holy lesson of charity that thinketh no evil. We say a provoking thing, and our sister or brother is hindered in that day's effort to be meek. How sadly, too, we may hinder without word or act! For wrong feeling is more infectious than wrong doing; especially the various phases of ill temper—gloominess, touchiness, discontent, irritability. Do we not know how catching these are?

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

What makes life dreary is want of motive.

—*George Eliot.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can!

—*Emerson.*

If we want light, we must conquer darkness.
—*J. T. Fields.*

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

—*Beecher.*

A wrong-doer is often a man that has left something undone, not always he that has done something. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed, if he has not one too many.

—*Bulwer.*

Lincoln's heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong. —*Emerson.*

Who upon earth could live were all judged justly? —*Bunyan.*

Hate of one will affect our attitude toward all. —*Black.*

We pardon in the degree that we love.

Much of our dissension is due to misunderstanding, which could be put right by a few honest words and a little open dealing. —*Black.*

The test of your Christian character should be that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world.
—*Beecher.*

Happiness is where it is found, and seldom where it is sought.

If you ever find happiness by hunting for it, you will find it, as the old woman did her lost spectacles, safe on her own nose all the time.
—*Josh Billings.*

If a man is unhappy this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy.
—*Epictetus.*

To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.
—*Haliburton.*

"Stay at home," said Inclination,

"Let the errand wait."

"Go at once!" said Duty, firmly,

"Or you'll be too late."

"But it snows," said Inclination,

"And the wind is keen."

"Never mind all that," said Duty :

"Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden,
Looked up at the sky,
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,
Snow unceasingly.

"Stay!" again said Inclination,

"Go!" said Duty, "Go!"

Forth went Jean with no more waiting,
Forth into the snow.

You will smile if now I tell you,
That this quiet strife,
Duty conquering Inclination,
Strengthened all her life.

Sometimes on a little skirmish
Hangs a nation's fate.
Very much hung on that skirmish
At the garden gate.

The weakest among us has a gift.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass when He made one tree.

—*Beecher.*

There are thousands willing to do great things for one willing to do a small thing.

—*George MacDonald.*

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.

—*Dickens.*

“A commonplace life,” we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky,
Makes up the commonplace day.

No one knows what he can do till he tries.

—*Publius Syrus.*

No simplest duty is forgot,
Life has no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

—*Lowell.*

Every duty we omit obscures some truth
we should have known.

—*Ruskin.*

Try to be happy in this present moment,
and put not off being so to a time to come;
as though that time should be of another
make from this, which has already come,
and is sure.

—*T. Fuller.*

Every brave heart must treat society as
a child, and never allow it to dictate.

—*Emerson.*

To say well is good, but to do well is better.
Do well is the spirit, and say well, the letter.

Every person is responsible for all the
good within the scope of his abilities, and for
no more. —*Gail Hamilton.*

Talking is like playing the harp. There
is as much in laying the hand on the strings
to stop their vibrations as in twanging them
to bring out the music. —*Holmes.*

If we have not quiet in our minds, out-
ward comfort will do no more for us than a
golden slipper on a gouty foot. —*Bunyan.*

Be not simply good—be good for some-
thing. —*Thoreau.*

Every day should be passed as if it were
to be our last. —*Publius Syrus.*

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

—*Edward Young.*

If any man can convince me and bring
home to me that I do not think or act aright,
gladly will I change; for I search after truth,
by which man never yet was harmed. But
he is harmed who abideth on still in his
deception and ignorance.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

A man is helpless and unsafe up to the
measure of his ignorance. —*M. F. Tupper.*

Soul, in thine Autumn days have utmost
cheer !

Spring hath no flower of flowers that can
contest

The splendor of the hues upon his breast—
Who beareth up the incense of the year.

—*E. Thomas.*

When we turn away from some duty or
some fellow-creature, saying that our hearts
are too sick and sore with some great yearning
of our own, we may often sever the line
on which a Divine message was coming to
us. We shut out the man, and we shut out
the angel who had sent him on to open the
door . . . There is a plan working in our lives;
and if we keep our hearts quiet and our eyes
open, it all "works together;" and, if we
don't, it all fights together, and goes on
fighting till it comes right, somehow, some-
where.

—*Annie Keary.*



IE when I may, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.

—*Lincoln.*

The man who cannot be strong, cheerful, creative, in his own age, would find all other ages inhospitable and barren.

—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts,
not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart throbs. He
most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the
best.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not at all.

—*Holmes.*

Discontent is want of self-reliance ; it is infirmity of will.

—*Emerson.*

It is no great matter to live lovingly with humble and meek persons, but he that can do so with the peevish and perverse—he hath true charity.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*



It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.

—*Plutarch.*

To have what we want is riches ; but to be able to do without is power.

—*George MacDonald.*

Never give a moment to complaint, but utilize the time that would otherwise be spent in this way, in looking forward and actualizing the conditions you desire.

—*Trine.*

Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Between the great things that we *cannot* do and the small things we *will* not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.

—*Adolph Monod.*

Probably he who never made a mistake never made anything.

—*Samuel Smiles.*



TO be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same condition, to keep friends with himself: here is a task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

There's nae power in Heaven or airth
like love. It makes the weak strong and the
dumb tae speak. —*Ian Maclaren.*

Without distinction, without calculation,
without procrastination, love. Lavish it up-
on the poor, where it is very easy; especially
upon the rich, who often need it most; most
of all upon our equals, where it is very dif-
ficult, and for whom perhaps we each do
least of all. —*Henry Drummond.*

And he who serves his brother best,
Gets nearer God than all the rest.

It is not written, blessed is he that feed-
eth the poor, but he that considereth the
poor. A little thought and a little kindness
are often worth more than a great deal of
money. —*Ruskin.*

Put a seal upon your lips and forget
what you have done. After you have been
kind, after love hath stolen forth into the
world and done its beautiful work, go back
into the shade again and say nothing about
it.



HAT are you worth to-day? Not in money, but in brains, heart, purpose, character? Tell yourself the truth about yourself.

—*George H. Hepworth*

There's no slipping up hill again, and
no standing still, when once you've begun to
slip down. —*George Eliot.*


The test of sincerity is fruitfulness.
—*Canon Farrar.*

There is no virtue in solemn indifference.
Joy is just as much a duty as beneficence is.
Thankfulness is the other side of mercy.
—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be
much used till they are seasoned.
—*Holmes.*

Nothing is more significant of men's
character than what they find laughable.
—*Goethe.*

Of all the lights you carry in your face,
joy shines farthest out to sea.

O live content with small means—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich—to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart—to bear all cheerfully—do all bravely, await occasions—never hurry; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

—*W. E. Channing.*

Go often to the house of thy friend; for
weeds soon choke up the unused path.

—*Scandinavian proverb.*

Thy friends thou hast and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

—*Shakespeare.*

They who love best need friendship most;
Hearts only thrive on varied good;
And he who gathers from a host
Of friendly hearts his daily food,
Is the best friend that we can boast.

—*J. G. Holland.*

Is thy friend angry with thee? Then
provide him an opportunity of showing thee
a great favor. Over that his heart must needs
melt, and he will love thee again.

—*Richter.*

Live not without a friend: the Alpine rock
must own

Its mossy grace or else be nothing but a
stone.

—*W. W. Story.*

Worship God by doing good,
Works, not words ; kind acts, not creeds !
He who loves God as he should
Makes his heart's love understood by kind
deeds.

I cannot think but that the world would
be better and brighter if our teachers would
dwell on the Duty of Happiness as well as
the Happiness of Duty. —*J. Lubbock.*

How many simple ways there are to
bless. —*Lowell.*

A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn.

And all day long the day shone bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born.

There is only one way to get ready for
immortality, and that is to love this life, and
live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully
as we can. —*Henry Van Dyke.*

All truth is from God, as all light is from the sun. . . All truth that bears on the culture of the human soul, the development of human life, is part of the unfolding revelation of the divine. So when we catch glimpses, intimations, ideals, of those things that are finer and better than have ever yet been incarnated in the life of the race, we are anticipating that which is to be written on those new leaves of God's book, to be clearly read when they shall be turned, in his ever progressive, always advancing, and never completed Bible.



HERE are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Hundreds can talk to one who can think;
thousands can think to one who can see.

—*Ruskin.*

To widen your life without deepening it
is only to weaken it.

Not every one who has the gift of speech
understands the value of silence.

—*Salvator.*

It is better to know less than to know much
that ain't so.

—*Josh Billings.*

Be humble or you'll stumble.

—*D. L. Moody.*

He who, having lost one ideal, refuses
to give his heart and soul to another and a
nobler, is like a man who declines to build a
house on the rock, because the wind and
rain have ruined his house on the sand.

Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps thou be accounted worse in the sight of God, who knows what is in man.

To see without envy the glory of a rival shows a worthy man ; to rejoice in it, a good heart ; but to contribute to it, a noble soul.

Men should bear with each other. There lives not the man who may not be cut up, aye, lashed to pieces, on his weakest side.

—*John Keats.*

Ask yourself what you would have been if you had never been tempted and own what a blessed thing the educating power of temptation is.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Taking trouble is the best way of avoiding troubles. The lack of taking trouble has been the means of making trouble in many lives.

If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent,—a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue.

—*Bishop Henry C. Potter.*

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum, a little more.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man ; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Lord, to Thee.

—*Anna E. Hamilton.*

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament ; adversity is the blessing of the New.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes ; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.

—*Bacon.*

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man can not so properly be said to possess wealth, as that may be said to possess him.

—*Bacon.*

If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains. I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms. —*Holmes.*

Hearts only thrive on varied good ;
And he who gathers from a host
Of friendly hearts his daily food,
Is the best friend that we can boast.
—*J. G. Holland.*

We should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God ; we should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves.
—*Colton.*

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I am content to observe that there is evil, and that there is a way to escape from it ; and with this I begin and end.
—*John Newton.*

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest ;
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee
The best.
—*Paul Fleming.*

The secret of success consists not in the habit of making numerous resolutions about various faults and sins, but in one great, absorbing, controlling purpose to serve God and do His will! If this be the controlling motive of life, all other motives will be swept into the force of its mighty current and guided aright.

Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure, and a madness of desire—oh, no, love is not that—it is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living—yes, love is that; and it is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

If any little word of ours can make one life
the brighter;
If any little song of ours can make one heart
the lighter;
God help us speak that little word, and take
our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale, and set the
echoes ringing.

The first thing a kindness deserves is
acceptance, the second, transmission.

—*George MacDonald.*

Every life is meant
To help all lives; each man should live
For all men's betterment.

—*Alice Cary.*

The springs of life are all from below.

—*Trine.*

To err is human, to forgive divine.

—*Pope.*

We have need of patience with ourselves and with others; with those below, and those above us, and with our own equals; with those who love us and those who love us not; for the greatest things and for the least; against sudden inroads of trouble, and under our daily burdens; disappointments as to the weather; or the breaking of the heart; in the weariness of the body, or the wearing of the soul; in our own failure of duty, or others' failure toward us; in everyday wants, or in the aching of sickness or the decay of age; in disappointment, bereavement, losses, injuries, reproaches; in heaviness of the heart, or its sickness amid delayed hopes. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God.

—*E. B. Pusey.*

Choose a book as you would choose a friend.

There shall never be one lost good ! What
was, shall live as before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence im-
plying sound ;
What was good shall be good, with for evil
so much good more ;
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the
heaven, a perfect round.

—*Robert Browning.*

He that cannot think, is a fool;
He that will not, is a bigot;
He that dare not, is a slave.

*Inscription on the wall of Andrew Carnegie's
Library.*

If we accept the simple and unadulterated gospel of a Father's love, and it makes us fit to live and ready to die, we do well to leave that gospel to our children as a valuable and sacred inheritance.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-
board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood—
Yet lives our Pilot still. —*Shakespeare.*

In the morning of life, work; in the mid-day, give counsel; in the evening, pray.

Remember this—that very little is needed to make a happy life. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

Just to fill the hour—that is happiness.
—*Emerson.*

It is by doing our duty that we learn to do it. So long as men dispute whether or no a thing is their duty, they get never the nearer. Let them set ever so weakly about doing it, and the face of things alters. They find in themselves strength which they knew not of.

—*E. B. Pusey.*

That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. —*Wordsworth.*

Maintain a holy simplicity of mind, and
do not smother yourself with a host of cares,
wishes, or longings, under any pretext.
 —*Francis de Sales.*

Labor to keep alive in your breast that
little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.
 —*George Washington.*

A Persian philosopher being asked by
what method he had acquired so much know-
ledge, answered, "By not being prevented
by shame from asking questions when I was
ignorant."

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart. —*Thomas Hood.*

A friend may well be reckoned a masterpiece of nature.

If I knew you and you knew me; if both of
us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine the meaning
of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less and clasp
our hands in friendliness,
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree if I
knew you and you knew me.

Nixon Waterman.



WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

—*Paul.*

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For they that wander, they know not where,
Are full of trouble, and full of care;
To stay at home is best. —*Longfellow.*

If you will not hear reason, she'll surely
rap your knuckles.

Liberality consists rather in giving
reasonably than much. —*La Bruyere.*

It matters not what fate may give;
The best is thine—to nobly live.
—*J. Buckham.*

Hoarding always brings loss in one form
or another.
Using, wisely using, brings an ever-renewing
gain. —*Trine.*



HOLD every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

—*Bacon.*

To live in hearts we leave behind is not
to die. —*T. Campbell.*

All the joy which does not fade is that
which grows from self-sacrifice.

—*A. H. Bradford.*

It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that
the thought of a man's death hallows him
anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—
as if it were comparatively a light thing to
fail in love and reverence to the brother who
has to climb the whole toilsome steep with
us, and all our tears and tenderness were
due to the one who is spared that hard
journey.

—*George Eliot.*

No man is born into the world whose
work is not born with him. —*Lowell.*



ERE you stand at the parting of the ways; some road you are to take; and as you stand here, consider and know how it is that you intend to live. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes into this New Year. Leave these behind, and let the dead Past bury its dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.

—*Ephraim Peabody.*

God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits, that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours.

—*Martineau.*

Why are we so impatient of delay,
Longing forever for the time to be ?
For thus we live to-morrow in to-day,
Yea, sad to-morrows we may never see.

—*P. Cary.*

If thou wilt fill thy brain with Boston and New York, with fashion and covetousness, and wilt stimulate thy jaded senses with wine and French coffee, thou shalt find no radiance of wisdom in the lonely waste of the pine-woods.

—*Emerson.*

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigour is in our immortal soul.

—*Ovid.*



BUILD a little fence of
trust around to-day,
Fill the space with loving
works and therein stay;
Look not through the
sheltering bars upon
to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
of joy or sorrow.

—*Mary Butts.*

We are our own fates. Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen. Man's life was made
Not for men's creeds, but men's actions.

—*Owen Meredith.*

Ever judge of men by their professions.
For though the bright moment of promising
is but a moment, and cannot be prolonged,
yet if sincere in its moment's extravagant
goodness, why, trust it, and know the man
by it, I say—not by his performance; which
is half the world's work, interfere as the
world needs must with its accidents and
circumstances: the profession was purely
the man's own. I judge people by what they
might be—not are, nor will be.

—*Robert Browning.*

Experience shows that success is due
less to ability than to zeal. The winner is
he who gives himself to his work, body and
soul.

—*Charles Buxton.*

He that would have the fruit must climb
the tree.



LET the weakest, let the humblest remember, that in his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest, by small kindnesses.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

The sweetness around us will sweeten labor
If we will but let it have its way.

—*Mary E. Wilkins.*

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

—*Swift.*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

—*Emerson.*



YOU find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others! You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

—*L. M. Child.*

Let not another's disobedience to Nature
become an ill to you ; for you were not born
to be depressed and unhappy with others,
but to be happy with them. And if any is
unhappy, remember that he is so for him-
self ; for God made all men to enjoy felicity
and peace. —*Epicetus.*

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so ;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows that wind is best.
—*C. A. Mason.*

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart ?
One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.
—*Paul Fleming.*

And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beauti-
ful whole. —*Susan Coolidge.*



HEY are gladdening
souls who mean exactly
what they say and ex-
pect you to say exactly
what you mean.

—*Elizabeth Sheppard.*

I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me. —*Newton.*

We meet at one gate
When all's over. The ways they are many
and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same.
Side by side may we stand at the same little
door when all's done!
The ways they are many, the end it is one.
—*Owen Meredith.*

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind
to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth
men's minds about to religion. —*Bacon.*

Minds that have nothing to confer find
little to perceive.



THE first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

—*Beecher.*

He who reigns within himself, and rules
passions, desires, and fears, is more than a
king. —*Milton.*

When is man strong until he feels alone ?
—*Robert Browning.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart
untainted ?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel
just ;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
—*Shakespeare.*

Dare to be true : nothing can need a lie ;
A fault which needs it most, grows two
thereby. —*George Herbert.*

Folded hands are ever weary,
 Selfish hearts are never gay;
 Life for thee hath many duties,
 Active be, then, while you may.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to
 be conscious of none. —*Thomas Carlyle.*

I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confession of Faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.

—*Lincoln.*

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

Dare to look up to God and say, "Make use of me for the future as Thou wilt. I am of the same mind ; I am one with Thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress Thou wilt." —*Epictetus*.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force ; that thoughts rule the world. —*Emerson*.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.
—*F. W. Faber*.

Do to-day thy nearest duty. —*Goethe*.

Every thought and word and deed, of every human being, is followed by its inevitable consequence: for the one we are responsible; with the other we have nothing to do.

—*Gail Hamilton.*

The truest self-respect is not to think of self. —*Beecher.*

Nothing is ever done beautifully, which is done in rivalry; nor nobly, which is done in pride. —*Ruskin.*

He jests at scars that never felt a wound. —*Shakespeare.*

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. —*Emerson.*

The best fire doesna flare up the soonest. —*George Eliot.*

One example is worth a thousand arguments.

—*Gladstone.*

Now is the time ; ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear.
They may not meet you in the coming year.
Now is the time.

As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.
—*Lowell.*

Give love, and love to *your* heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need ;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in *your* work and deed.

Guard within yourself that treasure,
kindness. Know how to give without hes-
itation, how to lose without regret, how to
acquire without meanness.
—*George Sand.*

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

—*Longfellow.*

Seek not to pour the world into thy little
mould,
Each as its nature is, its being must unfold;
Thou art but as a string in life's vast sound-
ing board,
And other strings as sweet will not with
thine accord.

—*W. W. Story.*

Be strong to hope, O Heart !
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O heart of mine ;
Look towards the light.

—*A. Procter.*

Each day the world is born anew
For him who takes it rightly.

—*Lowell.*

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame :
But each for the joy of the working and each
in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the
God of things as they are.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

In the man whose childhood has known caresses there lies a fiber of memory, which can be touched to nobler issues.

—*George Eliot.*

The good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which for one man to possess is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's.

—*B. Spinoza.*

We cannot live among men, suspicious of our own interest and fighting for our own hand, without doing dishonor and hurt to our own nature.

—*Black.*

We are members of one great body. Nature planted in us a mutual love, and fitted us for a social life. We must consider that we were born for the good of the whole.

—*Seneca.*

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed
As by his manners. —*Spenser.*

Everything that is mine, even to my
life, I may give to one I love, but the secret
of my friend is not mine to give.

—*Philip Sidney.*

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make
the year,
And trifles life. —*Edward Young.*

Speak gently ! 't is a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

—*G. W. Langford.*

O Lord, that lends me life, lend me a
heart replete with thankfulness.

—*Shakespeare.*

I think that good must come of good,
And ill of evil—surely unto all
In every place or time, seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, or bitter
things
From poison stocks: yea, seeing, too, how
spite
Breeds hate—and kindness friends—or
patience
Peace.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

Truth forever on the scaffold ; Wrong forever on the throne ;
Yet that scaffold sways the future and beyond the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

—*Lowell.*

So many plans, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain ;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come again.

—*Kingsley.*

But noble souls through dust and heat
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger.

—*Longfellow.*

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.

—*Shakespeare.*

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools
will learn in no other, and scarce in that.

I am quite sure that one secret of youth is to keep up with determined and steady hand, one's own tone, to avoid ruts and narrowing circles.

—*F. W. Ware.*

Repose we may possess even in the most arduous toil; ease we can never have while we are surrounded by conditions which are hostile to our highest life.

—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

This above all—to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare.*

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

—*Horace Mann.*

Let us pride ourselves on thinking high thoughts, achieving great deeds, living good lives.

—*J. K. Jerome.*

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of. He should first think of his character, and then of his condition. He that has character need have no fears about his condition. Character will draw after it condition. —*Beecher.*

Now don't go off half-cocked ; folks never
gains

By usin' pepper sarse instid o' brains.

—*Lowell.*

Whatever your present self may be,
resolve with all your strength never to
degenerate thence.

—*Bronte.*

We must not take the faults of our youth
into our old age ; for old age brings with it
its own faults.

—*Goethe.*

If one life shines, the next life to it must
catch the light. It is the infection of excel-
lence.

—*A. D. T. Whitney.*

Good deeds ring clear through heaven
like a bell.

—*Dickens.*

The man who has begun to live more
seriously within begins to live more simply
without.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Little things done well make a great soul,
and small duties are always great duties in
the sight of the angels. —*Hepworth.*

There is not an angel added to the Host
of Heaven but does its blessed work on earth
in those that loved it here. —*Dickens.*

It's well we should feel as life's a reck-
oning we can't make twice over; there's no
real making amends in this world any more
nor you can mend a wrong subtraction by
doing your addition right. —*George Eliot.*

If for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And blessed by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain;
Thy will be done. —*Whittier.*

A heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the
thorns.

For a man to *grow* a gentleman, it is of great consequence that his grandfather should have been an honest man; but if a man *be* a gentleman, it matters little what his grandfather, or grandmother either, was.

—*George MacDonald.*

The Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

—Amen

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

L. of C.

As a tired mother when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid, may not please
him more ;
So nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by
the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the
what we know. —*Longfellow.*

Reflect upon your present blessings, of
which every man has many; not on your
past misfortunes, of which all men have
some. —*Dickens.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they while their companions slept
 Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow.*

If we work upon marble, it will perish;
 if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if
 we rear temples, they will crumble into dust;
 but if we work upon immortal souls, if we
 imbue them with principles, with the just
 fear of God and love of fellow men, we
 engrave on those tablets something which
 will brighten all eternity.

—*Daniel Webster.*

In this world it is not what we take up,
 but what we give up, that makes us rich.

—*Beecher.*

The Poet's Prayer

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ,
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to Heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—Whittier.

God has a few of us whom He whispers
in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome : 'tis we
musicians *know*. —*Robert Browning*.

Do not think it wasted time to submit
yourselves to any influence which may bring
upon you any noble feeling. —*Ruskin*.

Religion is the best armor in the world ;
but the worst cloak. —*Bunyan*.

Beyond all doing of good is the being
good ; for he that is good not only does good
things, but all that he does is good.
—*George MacDonald*.

Happiness.

The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value; but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under feet, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp.

If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by
A good time might get started;
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

The books which help us most are those which make us think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker, is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

—Parker.

What I kept I have lost; what I gave away I have.

—*Dying words of Cræsus, the rich king.*

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

—Edward Young.

Let us hope that sometime we may stop and make deliberate choice of a sweeter, quieter, friendlier life, and by cutting down our social tasks and intellectual recreations, make time for rest and domesticity, and for remembrance of others whose houses and lives adjoin our own.

An Ideal

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.

—*Thoreau.*

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

—*Tennyson.*

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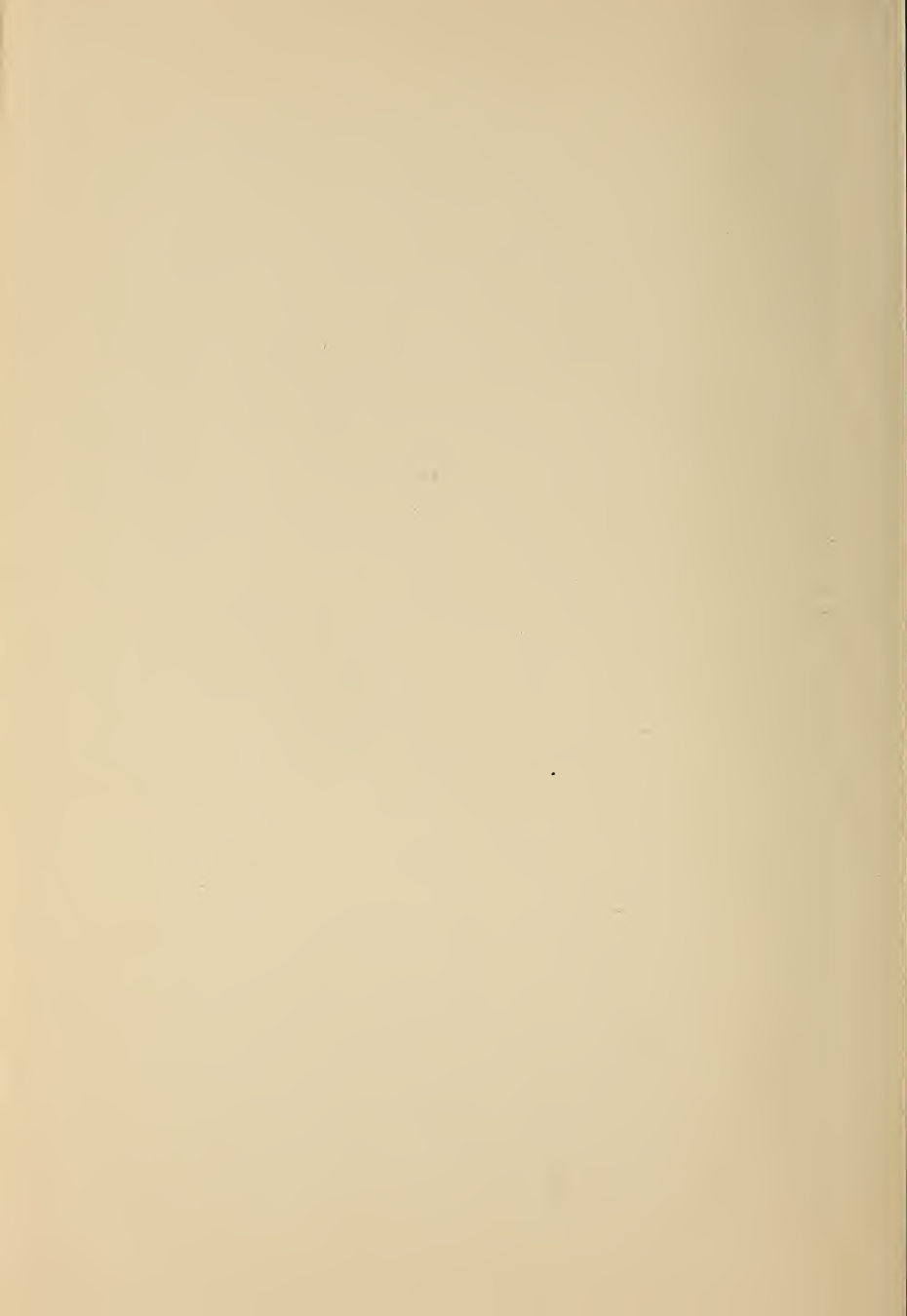
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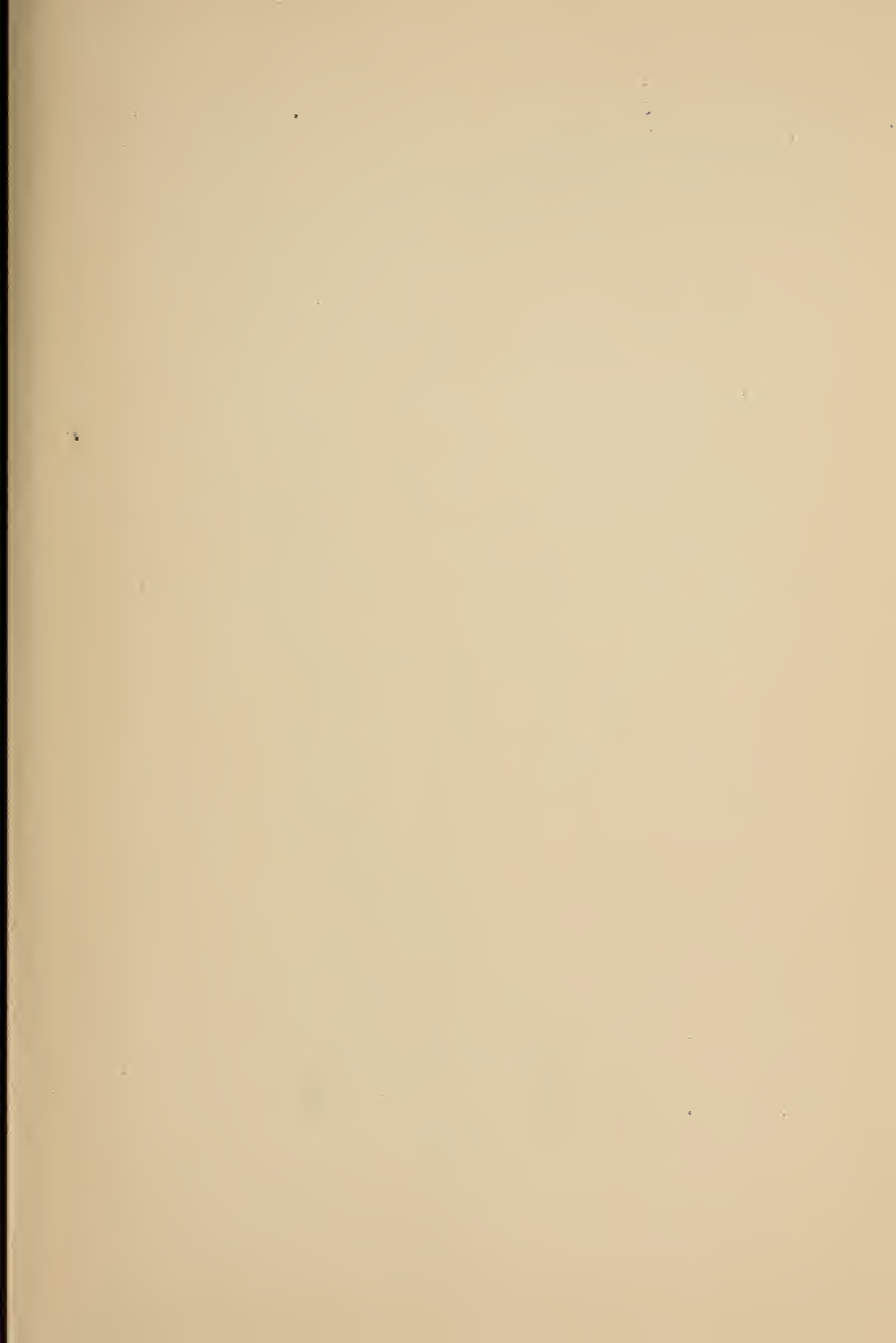
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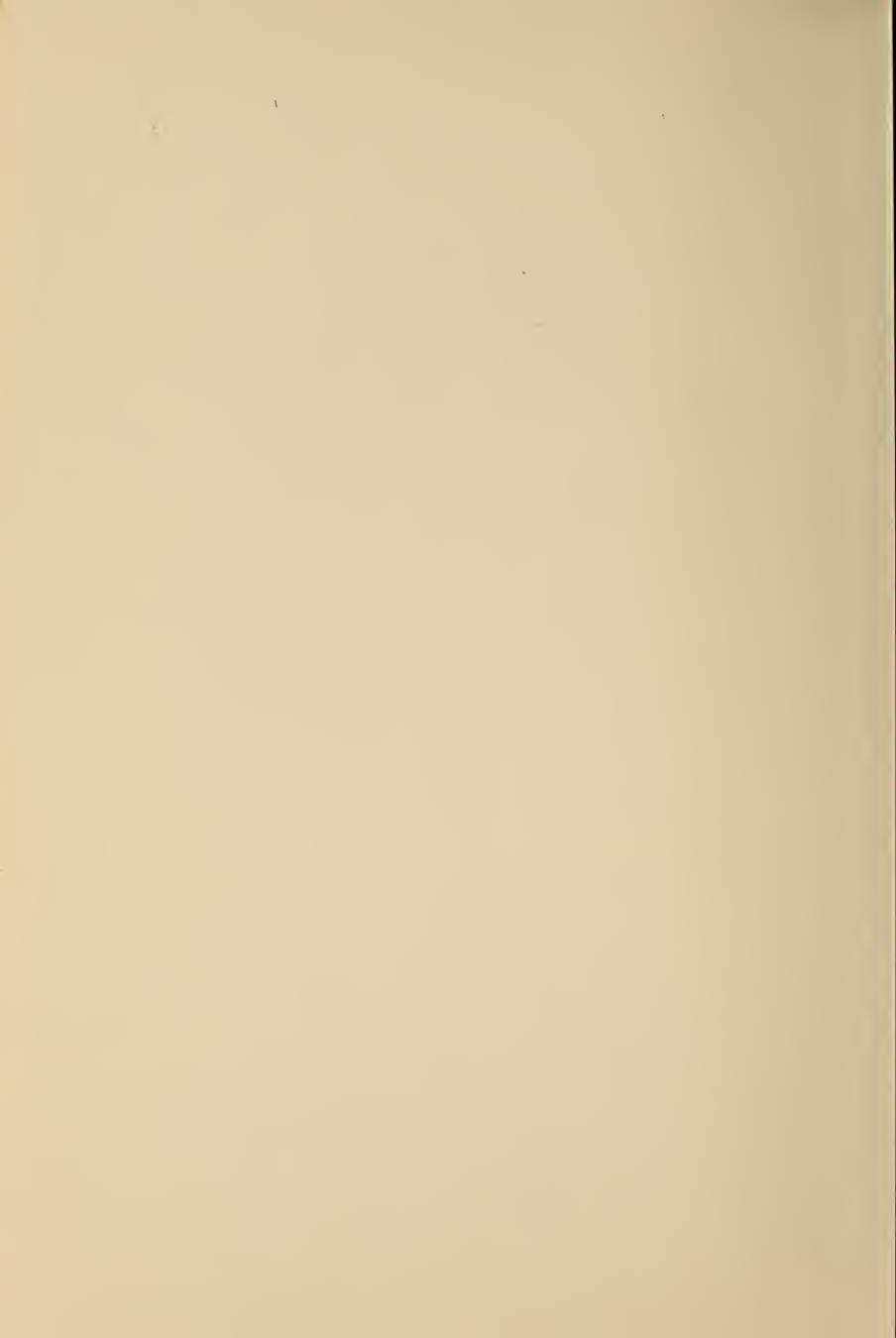
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